

DELL
Western Adventure

MARCH

15¢

THE LONE RANGER

The Lone Ranger
risks his life
to stop illegal
trappers
and avert
Indian war!





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DRAW LINCOLN

Contest prize: \$495.00 scholarship in commercial art

Draw Lincoln's head any size except a size that would look like a teardrop. Use pencil. Everyone who enters this contest gets a professional estimate of his talent at no cost. Winner receives the complete art course given by Art Instruction, Inc., world's largest home study art school. This course begins with a grounding in the fundamentals of art. Advanced study covers the student's own choice of advertising art, illustrating, cartooning, or painting—or a combination of these specialized art fields. Illustrated art textbooks are supplied for both basic and advanced training. Students are taught, individually, by professional artists. Purpose of contest is to uncover hidden talent. Entries for February 1981 contest due by February 28. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified. Start on your drawing today!

Use J coupon—then pass this page on to a friend

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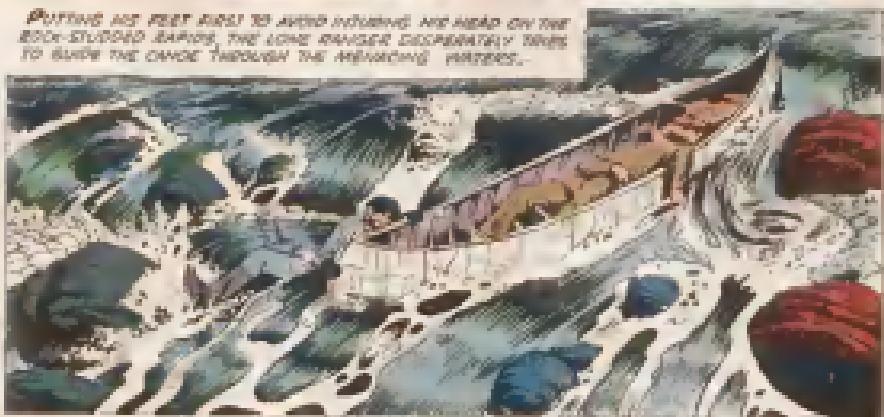
THE LONE RANGER **HOSTILE TERRITORY**

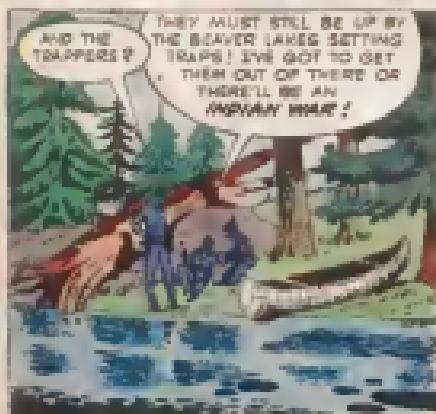
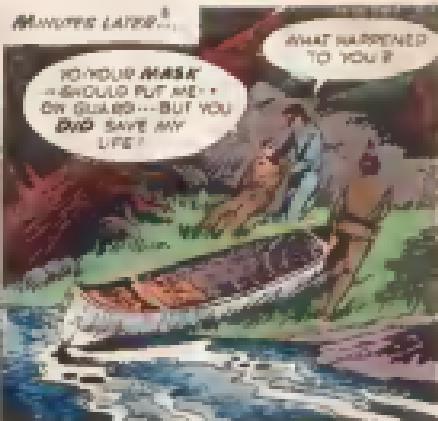
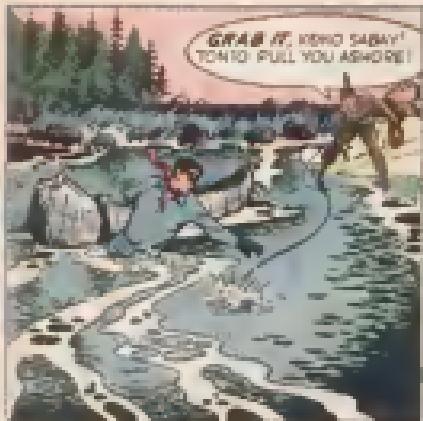


EXAMPLE OF POSSIBLE ANSWERS such as the ones in advance of the next lesson site. This task you can use to check for understanding, to practice, and to assess students.



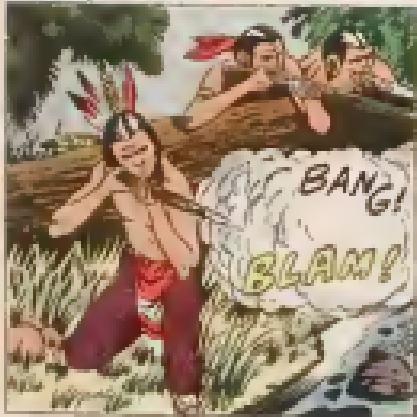
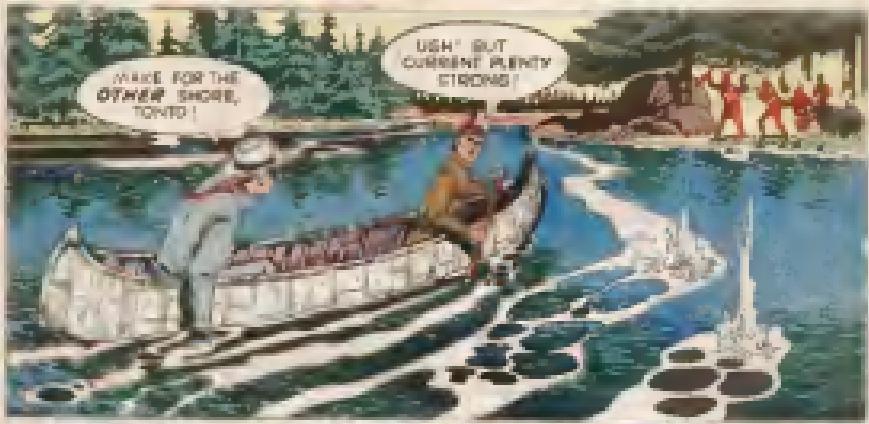
PUTTING HIS FEET RIDES TO AVOID HAVING HIS HEAD ON THE ROCK-STUDDED RAPIDS, THE LONE RANGER DESPERATELY TRIES TO SWIM THE CANOE THROUGH THE MENACING PASTURES.

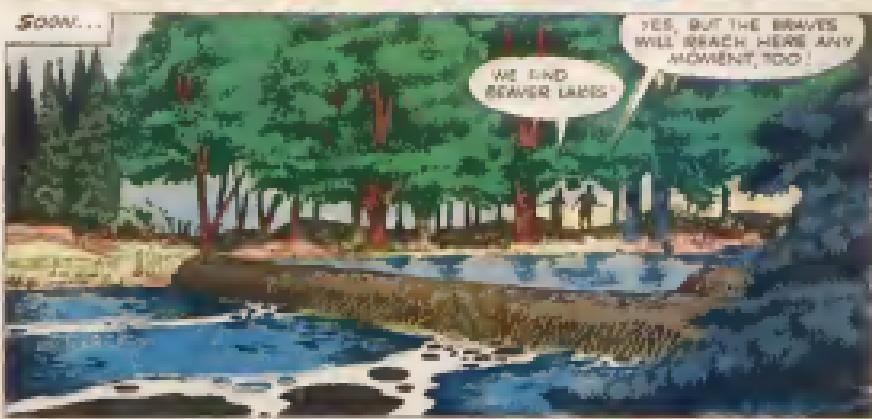


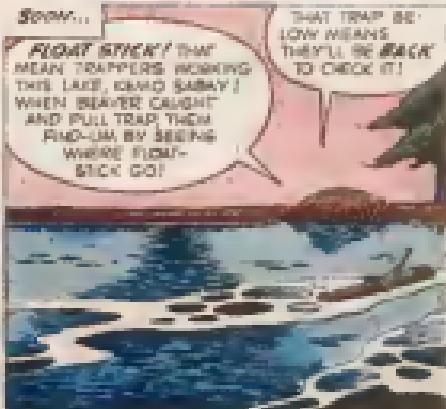


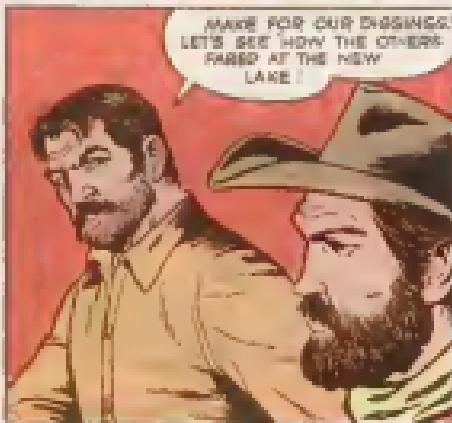
SOON AFTER AS THEY PADDLED TOWARD THE BEAVER LAKES...

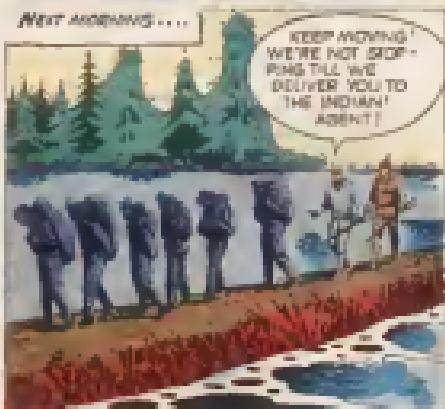


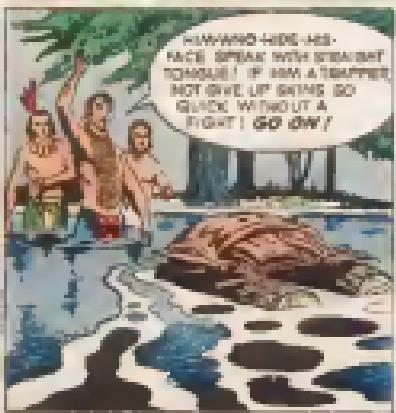












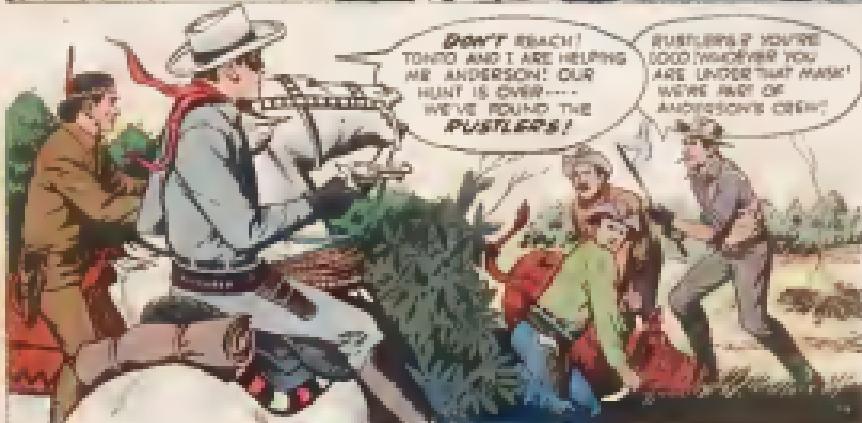


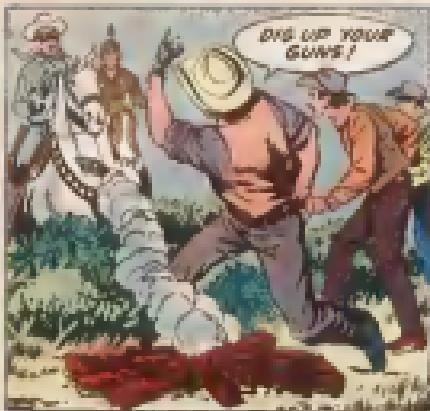
the TELLTALE BRAND

See if you can guess this mystery album with the Lone Ranger









“I KILLED AND HURT ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE
BUT I'M NOT ONE. I DON'T KILL THEM AND
THOSE ARE THOSE GUNNERS I DON'T WANT TO
KILL ANYMORE SINCE I DON'T WANT THEM TO
KILL ME. SINCE I DON'T WANT THEM TO
KILL ME SINCE I DON'T WANT THEM TO

THE LONE RANGER the LAND DEALER

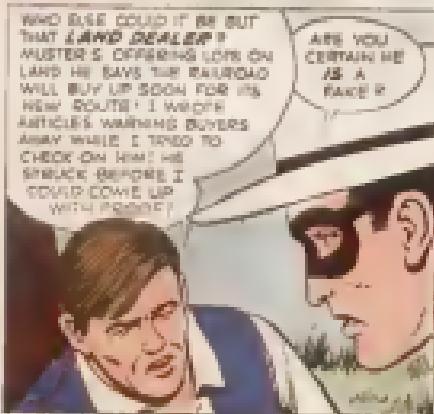
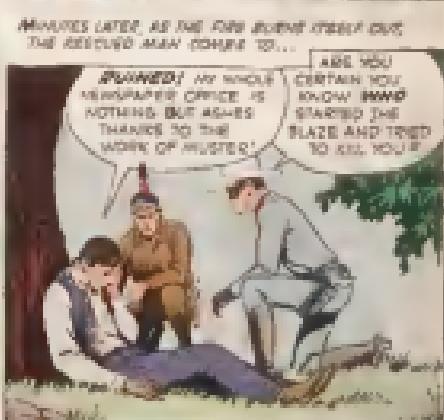


QUICKLY, THEY RACE UP TO THE MESSMANS' BUILDING THAT STANDS ALONE, A MILE A MILE FROM TOWN...

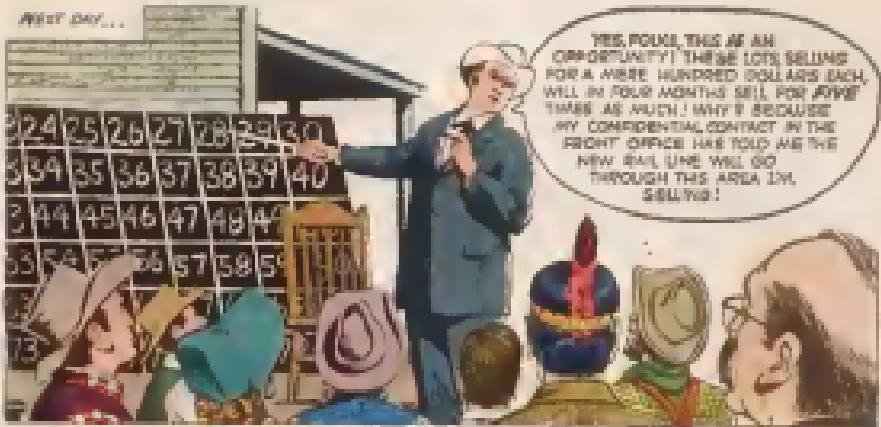


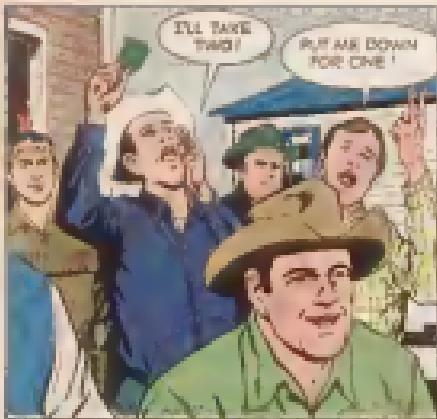
WHO'S GOING IN AFTER HIM, TONTO?





NEXT DAY...



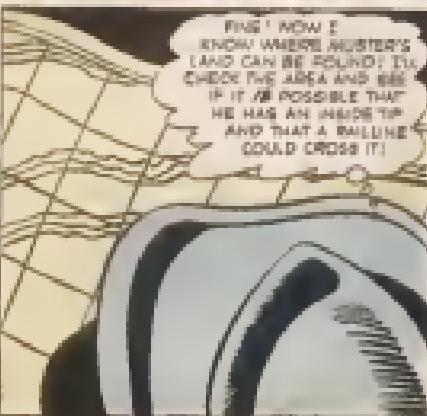
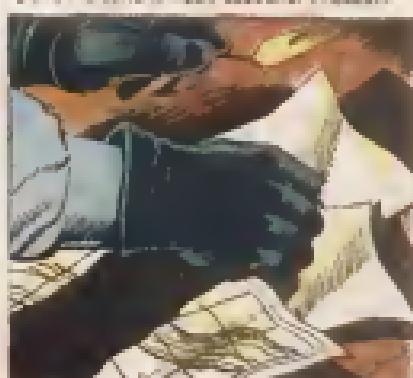


AFTER TWO DOZEN LOTS ARE SOLD, THE SELLING SOUNDS DOWN, WHEN...



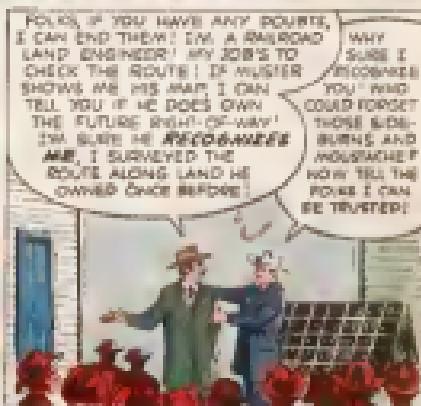
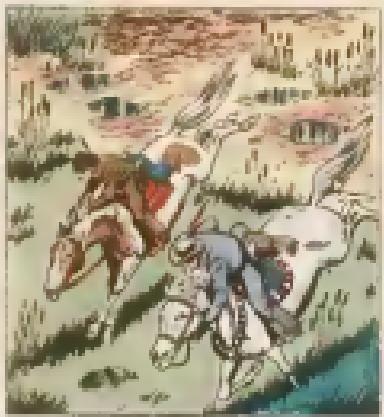
THAT NIGHT, AFTER TONTO TOLD WHAT HAPPENED...

FOR AN HOUR THEY REMAIN ALMOST ANCHORED AND THEN AT LAST...

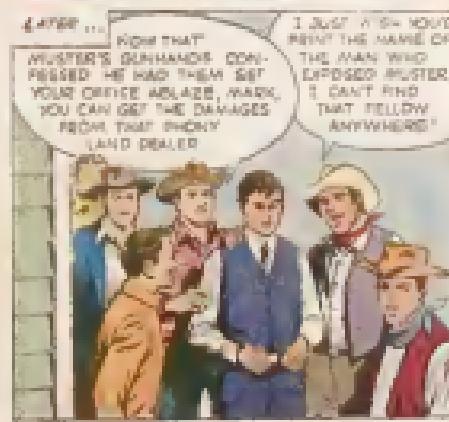
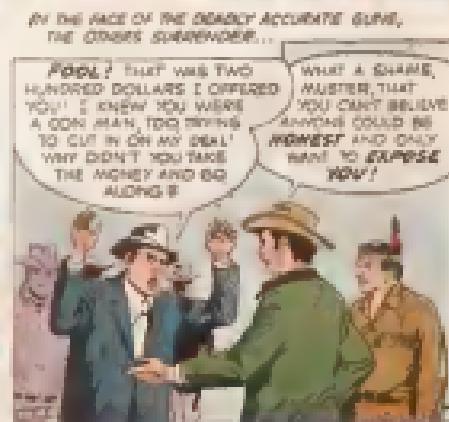














Outlaws Outwitted

Illustration by Harry F. Miller

Riding eastward through the hills, Marshal Steve Laramore turned and stared behind him for the tenth time that afternoon. Outlined against the setting sun were the three riders who had been pursuing him all day.

Lounging in the saddle beside Steve, Rake Blandon grinned wickedly and tugged meaningfully at his ropes.

"Might as well use us, and let me go, Marshal," sneered Rake. "Those are my boys back there. They'll never let you take me back to Carson City."

It was almost sunset and Steve was still twenty miles from Carson City, riding hard on Rake Blandon, the toughed gunslinger in the territory.

Blandon's gang was closing in. If they had their way, Steve would never live long enough to see his prisoner face the murder charge waiting for him back in Carson City.

All they had to do was wait until night-fell—and then close in. With three guns to

his one, Laramore wouldn't have a prayer.

Just then Steve spotted the shack nestling in the hollow. Steve knew the place. It belonged to Dink Dover, an old prospector. Dink was seldom home this time of the year. Most likely he was out scouring the hills looking for a bonanza.

Steve spurred his horse into the shack yard. There was a load of firewood drying not far from the house. It looked like old Dink was getting set for the winter.

"You aiming to fort up in here?" sneered Rake. "Why, the boards in that shack wouldn't stop a pea-shooter."

Inside the shack he looked about him. The place was almost bare except for a few sheets, a coal-oil lamp on the table and a tin of coal oil in the corner of the room.

It was that five-gallon container of coal oil that gave Steve the big idea.

"All right, Rake, sit down on that chair."

Urged by Steve's gun, Rake sat down. In an instant Steve had him bound and gagged. Then the Marshal went to work. He grabbed the container of coal oil and headed out into the gathering night. He'd have to work fast. Blandon's boys would be there soon and he'd have to be ready for them.

When Laramore's pursuers hit the yard of the prospector's shack the place was pitch dark. "We saw your horse, Laramore," one of them shouted. "Come on out, or—"

At that instant a dark shadow detached itself from the woodpile and darted for the shack. It was Laramore. Behind him the woodpile, soaked with coal oil, flared up into a huge bonfire.

For one long startled moment the three outlaws stared at the towering flames. That moment was enough for Laramore.

His guns spoke once, twice, and yet again. His bullets disarmed Rake's men. Blinded by the flames they never even knew where the gunfire was coming from until it was too late.

As he herded Rake's men into the shack Steve said, "All right, men, you were lonely for Rake. Now, I reckon you can 'keep him company in the jail back at Carson City."

YOUNG HAWK

PRODIGY FROM THE DEEP

WHEN SHALL WE
REACH THE LAND
OF THE GREAT WHITE
BEAR, YOUNG HAWK?

FOLLOWING THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST, YOUNG HAWK AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS — LITTLE BUCK AND SEA EAGLE — OBEDY A MEDICINE DREAM IN WHICH A GREAT WHITE BEAR INVITED THEM TO HIS FROZEN LAND. THEIR BIG DUGOUT CANOE EQUIPPED WITH LEATHERS AND A SAIL OF BEARSKINS IS SWIFT AND DEXTEROUS.

ONLY THE WHITE BEAR KNOWS WHEN OR HOW WE SHALL ARRIVE, SEA EAGLE. WE WILL SAIL NORTH AS LONG AS WE CAN, AND THEN —



LITTLE BROTHER, THE PET HAWK, LEAVES HIS PERCH ON THE RABBITHEAD, CHATTERING NERVOUSLY.



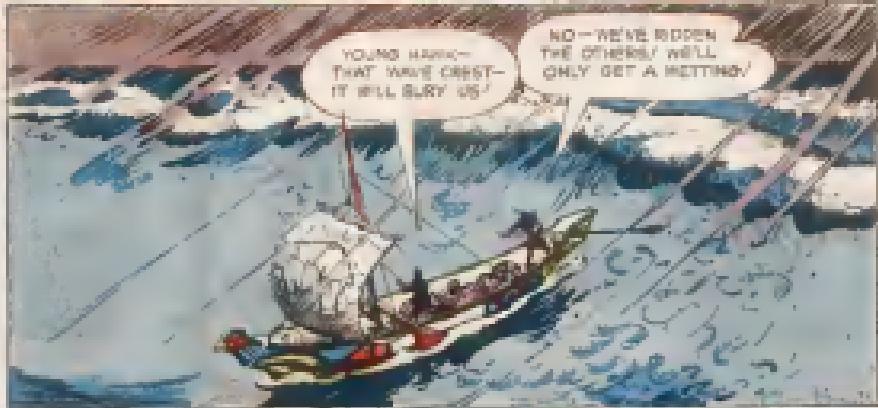
THAT BLACK CLOUD TO LANDWARD — IT LOOKS LIKE A BAD STORM COMING, YOUNG HAWK!

SHORTEN SAIL, LITTLE BUCK!



WE'LL HAVE TO RUN BEFORE IT!

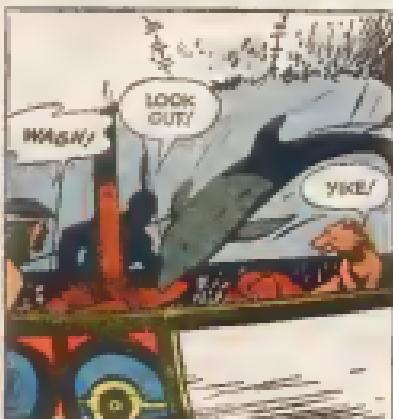




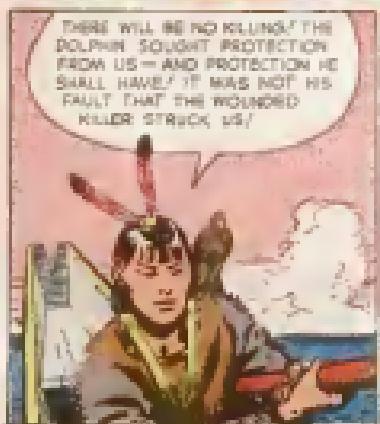
DRIFTER WESTWARD FOR DAYS BY THE STORM, THE CANOE ENTERS CALMER SEAS AND SIGHTS — THE ALASKA PENINSULA

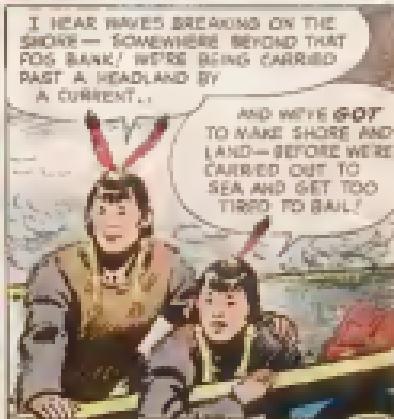


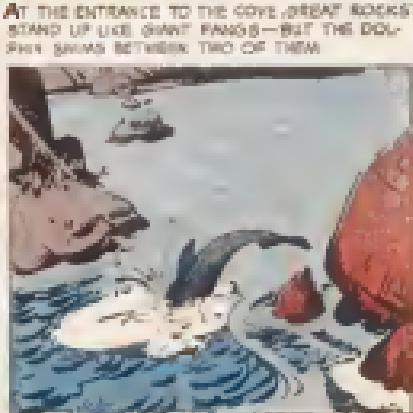
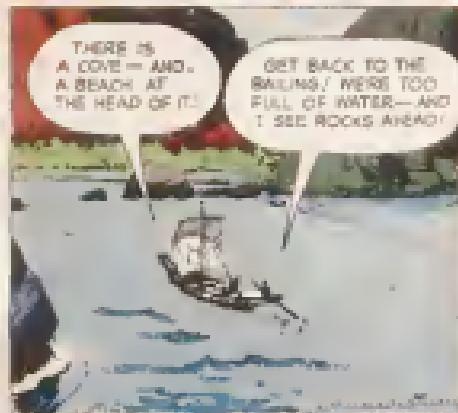
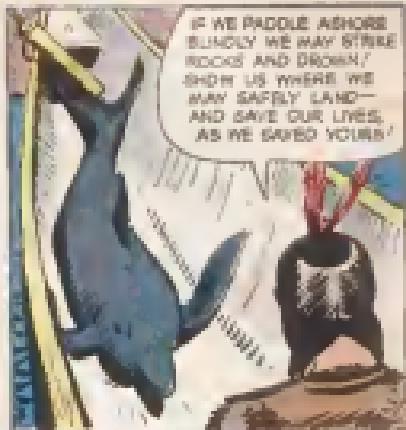
SUDDENLY THE CANOE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF A PACK OF KILLER WHALES, WHO ARE HARRYING A SCHOOL OF DOLPHINS.



HORNS AGAINST HOPE TO REACH A VITAL SPOT. HORNS
HAWK STRIKES A LONG ARROW INTO THE KILLER'S TOWER-
AD BACK.









AS IF IN ANSWER, THE DOLPHIN RISES WITH A SILVERY FISH IN ITS JAWS — BEFORE VANISHING FOREVER FROM THE SHORE OF ITS HUMAN FRIENDS.



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 21, 1936, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1938, JULY 2, 1940 AND JUNE 11, 1940 (14 Stat. 266) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF *The Lone Ranger* published bimonthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1960.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacoste, Jr., 730 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 730 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 730 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is Del Publishing Co., Inc., 730 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; George T. Delacoste, Jr., 730 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Louis de Margerie & Delacoste, 730 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the name and address in the two paragraphs show the officer's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

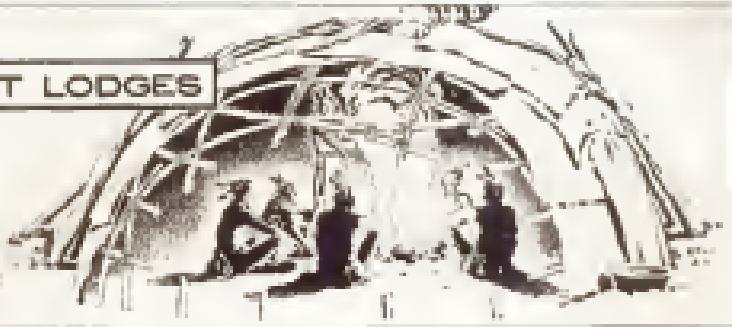
5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was 400,712.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th Day of September, 1960

JOHN C. WEBER
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1962)

SWEAT LODGES



"EVERY INDIAN CAMP HAD A SWEAT LODGE. THE DOOR OF THE MOLE-COVERED, CONE-SHAPED HUT ALWAYS FACED EAST. THERE WAS A COUSCUT PIT IN THE CENTER WHERE TOBACCO WAS BURNED, AFTER WHICH THE BRAVES PURIFIED THEMSELVES BY RUBBING ITS SMOKE OVER THEIR ARMS AND BODIES.



"THE PIPE WAS PURIFIED IN THE SACRED SMOKE AND RECITED TO THE SKY, EARTH AND FOUR CORNERS BEFORE BEING LIGHTED AND PUFFED BY EACH BRAVE.



"WHITE-HOT STONES WERE PUT IN THE PIT AND A BOWL OF WATER PASSED AROUND FOR THE BRAVES TO WET THEIR HEADS AND TAKE A LAST DRINK.



"THE DOOR TO THE LODGE WAS CLOSED AND IN Pitch DARKNESS, WATER WAS POURRED ON THE STONES. THE HEAT OF THE STEAM BECAME ALMOST UNBEARABLE.



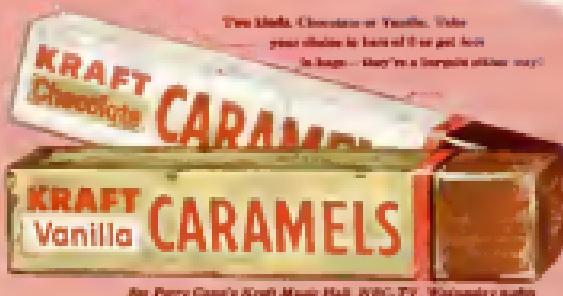
"AFTER THE FOURTH STEAMING, THE DOOR WAS OPENED, AND THE BRAVES RUSHED OUT TO A STREAM TO COOL THEMSELVES IN THE ICE WATER."

This is a Beaverbear



A beaverbear is always hungry as a bear for chewy Kraft Caramels and busy as a beaver 'cause, while he's eating one Kraft Caramel he's unwrapping another.

Kraft makes
Caramels like
Kraft makes
everything - and that's good!



See Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall, NBC-TV, Wednesday nights